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Volume 9

Number 5 *The Iowa Homemaker* vol.9, no.5

Article 4

1929

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Recommended Citation

Hansen, Nielsine (1929) "What About the Glamour?," *The Iowa Homemaker*: Vol. 9 : No. 5 , Article 4.

Available at: <http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/homemaker/vol9/iss5/4>

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What About the Glamour?

By Nielsine Hansen

Note: Nielsine Hansen, '28, was formerly associate editor of the Green Gander and assistant issue editor of the Student. She is now society editor and reporter on the Virginia (Minn.) Enterprise.

Of course, the movies would have to wreath their own particular brand of tinsel around the news game. But we are quite hardened to the mirages of "reel" life. They dress the reporter up in a straw hat and a whiskey breath, clamp a blooming gardenia in the editor's lapel and make work a simple little thing of three hours a day with golf and poker pleasantly diverting the editorial mind while the cub expertly solves the baffling murder of the night before. And the cash customers swallow it whole and envy the scribe.

But after your first dip into the journalism swim, some kindly (?) editor opens your eyes. Then you wonder what it's all about and are ready to tell the first aspiring reporter, "Don't do it! Compensation is just a word in the dictionary."

And the truth of the matter is, as time reveals it to you, that the monetary rewards are woefully small, and the cub can't even hope to break the first page for a number of years. Everyone in the plant from the managing editor to the janitor will bawl you out more or less regularly and there will be days when your public will ring in kicks from morning until night until suicide looks like the primrose path.

That "your public" stuff sounds quite high brow, but just commit one little error, like tacking a Missus onto the town's leading bachelor, and listen to "your public" growl!

You take on that bored art-for-art's-sake attitude while your school teacher friend describes her new silk step-abouts, and politely stifle a yawn while girl friend stenog strangles the adjectives in describing her office's mahogany suite. And then, you sadly realize that such things are not for you, unless you take up the gentle art of doing imitations on blank checks as a side-line.

And all the time, you pound your little Remington amid the office debris and push your copy through the cigarette-smoke barrage encircling the city editor's desk—and wonder, "What do they mean, GLAMOUR?"

"Then comes the dawn," to revert to the movies.

You suddenly realize that all of the above mentioned little irritations are less

than nothing. Glamour there is, in gobs.

You realize that your viewpoint of life is entirely unique, and quite distinctly different from that of everyone else. Happenings are not just events which do or do not happen. They are "copy". Everything you see, hear or feel, subconsciously impresses itself upon your mind in the form of news stories.

You are an historian, in your own small way, just as truly as Plutarch. You are writing the daily history of today, when, and sometimes before, it occurs.

"I'll tell the world!" is no slang expression.

It's your battle cry!

Yours is the responsibility of collecting facts on all human activity, and of presenting them interestingly and accurately to the world.

These two hands of yours, pounding away at a typewriter and guided by that more or less infinitesimal speck of grey-matter you lay claim to, are moulding public opinion to a certain extent, and are bringing chuckles or sobs, gratitude or annoyance, hope or despair, to many, many people.

Isn't there some glamour in that?

Then comes your first big assignment, and you return from your visit with the celebrity with more notes than confidence. But you try to present your impressions fairly and clearly. And you get a nod of encouragement from the city editor, and a thoughtful little note of thanks from the person interviewed.

And your first by-line looks bigger than the eight-column streamer across the front page.

You meet every sort of person, and develop a real interest in all. You find that, after all, people are the most interesting things in the world. And most everything they do is exciting and interesting, when you come to think of it.

Suddenly you find that you've developed a real philosophy of life, and one that takes into consideration all the things that go to make up the daily story of humanity. And you know that the smell of printer's ink, and the clamor of the city room are just by-products of a grand old game. And you get to love 'em both.

Artist Concert Series

Students at Iowa State College are fortunate in having an opportunity to hear some of the country's finest music. The Music Council each year secures artists to appear in concert and so make available to the students some rare programs.

This year we have had the privilege of hearing J. Rosamond Johnson's Halle-lujah Quartet in a program of negro spirituals and folk songs.

The Russian Symphonic Choir of twenty voices, under the direction of Basil Kibalchich, appeared Nov. 8, "a body of solo singers joined together under the able leadership of a master musician."

On March 7, Jose Mojica, the leading tenor of the Chicago Opera, will present the third number of the Artist Concert Series. Don Jose Mojica has signed a contract with Fox Movietone Corp. For that reason the Music Council was indeed fortunate to secure him for this series. His program will include Mexican and Spanish folk songs, as well as operatic airs.

The fourth program will be given Feb. 7 by the Iowa State Symphony Orchestra. The orchestra has been under the direction of Prof. Oscar Hatch Hawley, of the Music Department, for nine years and is composed of faculty members, graduate and undergraduate students who have special musical ability. Every year the orchestra presents a program in the concert series, which includes one of the great symphonies as well as other symphonic literature.

To close the delightful series of concerts, April 11, the Music Council has secured, at great cost, the services of Ignace Paderewski, world's renowned pianist. To hear this marvelous musician and see this great statesman is an opportunity not granted everyone. This, his seventh tour in America, will undoubtedly be his last.

An appreciation of music, one of the finest arts, is to be encouraged, and this remarkable series of concerts offers to the students of Iowa State College a privilege not ordinarily available.

Forensic Revival

An old-time revival has again taken place and Iowa State is proving no exception to the rule, that advancement means new ideas. The Department of Public Speaking, through the efforts of Karl Wallace, is sponsoring debating, oratorical and extemporaneous contests. These contests are not a new thing at Iowa State, and alumnae will remember when debates and oratorical contests meant the real spice of extra-curricular activities, and debating societies were the center of social life.

The extemporaneous and oratorical contests will be held some time the latter part of November and are open to any student who is eligible for outside activities. In the extemporaneous division the contestant is to be prepared to talk for ten minutes on any subject of his choice. The oratorical contest is much like the

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